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## A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1619.


## Original Novelet.

### THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

### EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Deserted Wife," "Vivia or Secret and Single Heart," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

——"Set here we are, and you shall judge for yourself," concluded Captain Clifton, as he opened a gate admitting them into a shady park. In the midst of which stood the house. They alighted at the gate and gave their horses into the charge of a negro boy, and walked on to the house. It was a plain oblong stone building, of two stories, with a deep, steady piazza running the whole length of the front. It was divided through the centre by a wide passage way, the front and back doors of which were both open and drawing a free draft of air, and from which opened four large airy rooms, two on a side. They stopped up on the piazza, and were met at the front door by a neatly clothed negro girl, who admitted them into the passage, and opening a door on the right hand next the front, showed them into a cool, breezy, but plainly furnished parlor; the walls and ceiling being simply white-washed, and the floor here but lightly polished with wax, as was the summer custom of the country in that day. The fire-place was open and filled with green bushes. The window-curtains, and the lounges, and easy chair covers, were all of chintz. There was a reality of substantial and permanent comfort about the place, that Frank thought he had never seen elsewhere. And when Clifton invited him to be seated, and he rested himself in one of those cool arm-chairs in the shaded room, he declared that a feeling of at-home-ness came over him, such as he had never experienced since he left his own mother's house, and never hoped to feel again until he should have a house of his own. The negro girl whom Clifton addressed as Phœbe, very left the room to summon her mistress, and shortly after the lady of the house entered.

Mrs. Clifton, of Hardbargain, was over about fifty years of age—tall, and inclining to embonpoint, but erect as the mast which bore the ensign. Her complexion was dark, and her hair and eyes black. Her features were strongly marked and commanding, indicative of great strength, of will and indomitable firmness of purpose, all moderated, however, by the expression of her countenance, which was at once composed and gracious. Her manner was marked by unaffected dignity and courtesy—her dress was of very plain dark silk, made high to the throat, and with sleeves coming down to the wrists, a small cuff set closely around her neck, fastened with a mourning pin. Her mourning head-dress was her own fine black hair, which, though slightly mingled with gray, was still unsmeared. Indeed, cap or turban upon that noble head would have looked unbecoming. She advanced into the room and greeted her son with affection, and welcomed Mr. Fairfax with courtesy, but her words were few, and her manner was so calm, as to seem cool. Frank thought her a very noble looking woman, though somewhat stiff and cold. Indeed, all strangers, and especially officers, thought her stiff and cold proud. Never was a greater misapprehension of character—never did a larger or more generous heart live in the bosom of woman—albeit, its pulsations were of the calmest and most regular character. She sat down and entered into an easy conversation with her son and his friend, inquiring into the particulars of their journey, and making sometimes very pertinent remarks. Once during the recital her cheek almost imperceptibly flushed, as it was at the telling of the late-breath escape at the brink of Devil's Staircase, but upon that she made no observation whatever. She sang a little hand-bell, which was answered by the entrance of Hessie. She took a book and a fan from her pocket, and giving them to the girl, dismissed her to bring refreshments. Katie left the room, but soon returned bearing a large waiter with home made wine, cake, and a basket of fine peaches and pears. While they refreshed themselves upon these luxuries, she inquired after the health and well-being of the family of the White Cliffs, and having received satisfactory answers, turned to Mr. Fairfax and hoped that he was thoroughly well pleased with their neighborhood to favor it with a long sojourn. Frank assured her that he should never ever forget the delights of the visit, and should consider it only when compelled to do so, and also with great regret. The conversation then became of more general interest. The weather, the condition of the roads, the state of the neighborhood, &c., was discussed. And then the discourse took a higher tone, and the agriculture of Carolina, the strong grasp of mind, and the depth and justness of thought, displayed by this restless lady upon subjects appearing so foreign to her daily experience.

They made quite a long morning visit, and before they departure Captain Clifton took an opportunity—while Mr. Fairfax was walking around the room and staring at some old family pictures, among which hung a portrait by ——, of Philadelphia, of Washington, as that of England—to draw his mother aside, and say to her—

"Madam, I have a proposition to make to you, or a favor to ask—as it may turn out."

"What is it, my son?" gravely inquired the lady.

"You heard Mr. Fairfax speak of the young mountain-girl whom we met just before the storm, and who kindly conducted us to her grandfather's cabin?"

"Yes!"

"It is of her that I would speak, and for her that I would enlist your sympathy and protection—"

"Go on, I attend, my son."

"You have given me some credit for height into character, if my judgment is worthy of your consideration, this young girl is deserving of your kindest attention!"

"Does she deserve them?"

"Madam, she impressed me as being a child of high mind and moral endowments, and the long experience of one night proved the truth of that impression!"

"Does she need my good offices?"

"Mother! with the finest intellectual capacities, she is the very destitute of all opportunities of intellectual culture. That is bad—but more so deplorable—is what follows. Her grandfather—this is her name—is far removed from all of her own sort. Her young brother, her only companion, is almost born home from earliest days till late at night. Her only companion is an old man, an habitual drunkard, subject to frequent and furious fits of maniac-ac-pre. Her ease, upon my showing, may not be so elegant. But if you had seen her as I did, it would seem so. Her brother, who being but acquainted with the circumstances, is the best judge in the premises, is very anxious upon his sister's account, and wishes to get her a place with my manager on her farm, and Carl Kavanagh shall as you have supposed, will she leave her aged relative?"

"Not willingly, certainly—but—I wish the opportunity of imparting her condition afforded her, indeed, I sometimes fear brother Carl should be presented."

"I knew Carl Kavanagh—he worked for me during the time past. I formed a good opinion of him. If his stater is equal to him she must be a meritorious girl."

"She is very superior to him, madam."

The lady was silent a moment, as if pondering of decision and action. With her eyes fixed upon the ground she reflected for a few moments, then lifting them, said,

"Write to your friend Carl Kavanagh—"

"Not my *friend*, dear madam, sir," I please you!" haughtily interrupted her son.

A slight shade of disapproval or of displeasure clouded the lady's face for a moment, and she said—

"Write then to your dependant, Carl Kavanagh, and let him know that I am willing to receive his sister into my service on trial, and that I should have hers her brother as soon as is convenient."

"Thank you, dearest madam; I will write today, and send a messenger with the letter. I am really pleased and grateful for this kindness," said Archer Clifton, pressing his lips to the cheek she offered to his salute.

The young man soon after took leave, being engaged to dine that day at home at White Cliffs.

"Clifton!" said Mr. Fairfax, as they rode along, "excuse me for telling you freely how highly I honor your motives. You! you were sure! I—the irreverent—the rash wild—excuse me for telling you how highly I honor your mother—for, by my faith, she is a lady whom to praise is presumption! But, my dear friend, how is it that she resembles so closely that old portrait of Oliver Cromwell, which hangs, besides, between two family portraits, in the hall? possible you claim descent from *him*?"

"My mother does not claim descent from him. I do not think I have much of his nature. In his time I should have been a royalist. My mother canonizes his character very highly."

"If my soul! she is like him enough in features."

"Yes, and in many points of character, she is strikingly like him."

In conversation such as this the friends reached White Cliffs, and Mr. Fairfax retired to his chamber to dress for dinner, and Captain Clifton entered the library for the purpose of writing a letter to Carl Kavanagh.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VICE OF PAUL.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads——" Old Saying.

"There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Which, taken at the flood, leads——" Old Saying.
Where,

Captain Clifton had written to Carl Kavanagh, informing him of the situation he had procured for the sister of his old friend, Jack Ingalls. And while this letter he had sealed and a stranger one, to Katie, filled with good counsels and urgent reasons why she should yield to the wishes of her brother, and accept the place offered her. After these two had been patched these letters by a boy, who left White Cliffs early that afternoon, on horseback, he devoted himself up to the delights of Miss Clifton's society, forgetting all about the mountain-girl, and her kind-hearted, but rough old friend of Ingalls. And while this letter he had sealed and a stranger one, to Katie, filled with good counsels and urgent reasons why she should yield to the wishes of her brother, and accept the place offered her. After these two had been patched these letters by a boy, who left White Cliffs early that afternoon, on horseback, he devoted himself up to the delights of Miss Clifton's society, forgetting all about the mountain-girl, and her kind-hearted, but rough old friend of Ingalls.

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"There is a tide in the affairs of" women, which, taken at the flood, leads—" Old Saying. Where,

# Miscellaneous.

## NOTES ABOUT MARYLAND.

We extract from a private letter some interesting paragraphs, indited by a friend, now "summering" near Baltimore, enjoying himself, as it appears, on the *dolce far niente* method; though, as he takes good notice of things about him, we can scarcely accuse him of "doing nothing entirely," as a Milesian might say.

"To my friend, greeting: from this delightful retreat, where I am enjoying, with book and line, the pleasures of old Izaak Walton, or strolling in sylvan lanes, or climbing breezy rocks. I sojourn at the Franklin House, on the Baltimore Turnpike, in the vicinity of all that is really delightful in summer life—charmed and soothed by

"'—— the lulling drip of waterfalls,
The brooding dove's sommered calls,
And bees that weave a buzzing web,
And tide-like airs, that flow and ebb;'

and I wonder, oh, how I wonder, that people will crowd to dusty Saratoga, or giddy Newport, when they might embosom themselves in a dreamy scene like this, and dwell with nature's loveliest creations. I should be happy here, where all is peace—

"'—— where shadows creep
Across my sight, and vanish—balmy airs
Float up and down around me—gentle flowers,
Green waving trees, and golden-plumaged birds,
Painted and fanciful butterflies, and bees,
Buzzing and circling round. All summer-life—
All that can make the forest beautiful;
All that may whisper joy, is round me now:
There is a little brooklet at my feet,
Purling and murmuring, as if its breast
Laboured with some big secret, which it fain
Would breathe to me. And, there, beneath the bank,
All green and mossy—where the willows bend
In beautiful festoons—within that nook,
The silver-pinioned troutling glideth slow.

"'Yonder, upon a fallen and mossy oak,
That once in majesty o'ertopped the scene,
Creepeth a lazy caterpillar, with a dull
And measured listlessness. Perchance, as now
With slow monotonous march he crawleth on,
He dreameth, with a trusting hopefulness,
Of light and beauty in his chrysalis birth;
And so plods perseveringly along,
Sustained and strengthened. *May I learn from him,*
*To bear this caterpillar load of life,*
*Until from Heaven shall fall my spirit-wings.*'"

A FARMER PRINCE.

"Were you aware, my friend, that Maryland is somewhat of a State, and that we are rapidly casting off the dullness of past years? What think you of a farmer like Colonel Lloyd, who works 6,000 acres of land, and raises (with his four hundred servants) between thirty and forty thousand bushels of wheat yearly? Is not that what Yankees call 'tall farming?' Colonel Lloyd is a man of perfect system in all his affairs, and is truly a Farmer Prince. His income is $150,000 per annum."

A MARYLAND WOOLLEN FACTORY.

"Neither are we behind you in manufacturing. The Messrs. Wethered's Woollen Factory near this place, is well worth a visit. I saw some 'French' cassimeres manufactured there which are certainly not surpassed by the imported article. I wish American gentlemen would show their patriotism in purchasing our 'home productions,' instead of vapering about 'foreign influence.' This factory is a model of contented industry. The employers, in 1850, formed a 'Building Association,' and very many of the operatives own charming cottages. They now propose to supply reading to all, by organizing a library branch of the 'Society of the Iron Man.' Such conduct on the part of capitalists, is truly commendable, and proves them not behind the spirit of the age."

BALTIMORE ENTERPRISE.

"You are aware that Baltimore is a beautiful city, but perhaps will be astonished to hear that she aims at being a *great* city, one of these days. Strong efforts have recently been made to advance railroad intercourse with the West and the Lakes. The road now under construction through Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario, will give direct communication with that region via Harrisburg, Sunbury, etc., as well as to the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. Baltimore is striking for a position among the commercial cities of the Union."

## ANECDOTES OF HENRY CLAY.

THE RIFLE-SHOT.

The subjoined incident, connected with Mr Clay's style of "stump-speaking," is related in "Mallory's Life" of our illustrious subject. It illustrates his tact and ingenuity in seizing and turning to good account trivial circumstances:

Mr. Clay had been speaking for some time, when a company of riflemen, who had been performing military exercise, attracted by his attitude, concluded to "go and hear what the fellow had to say," as they termed it, and accordingly drew near. They listened with respectful attention, and evidently with deep interest, until he closed, when one of their number, a man of about fifty years of age, who had seen much back-wood's service, stood leaning on his rifle, regarding the young speaker with a fixed and sagacious look.

He was apparently the Nimrod of the company, for he exhibited every characteristic of a "mighty hunter." He had buckskin breeches, and hunting-shirt, coon-skin cap, black bushy beard, and a visage of the color and texture of his bullet-pouch. At his belt hung the knife and hatchet, and the huge, indispensable powder-horn across a breast bare and brown as the hills he traversed in his forays, yet it covered a brave and noble heart.

He beckoned with his hand to Mr. Clay to approach him.

Mr. Clay immediately complied.

"Young man," said he, "you want to go to the Legislature, I see."

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Clay, "yes, I *should* like to go, since my friends have put me up as a candidate before the people. I don't wish to be defeated, of course; few people do."

"Are you a good shot, young man?" asked the hunter.

"I consider myself as good as any in the county."

"Then you shall go; but you must give us a specimen of your skill; we must see you shoot."

"I never shoot any rifle but my own, and that is at home," said the young orator.

"No matter," quickly responded the hunter, "here's *Old Bess*; she never failed yet in the hands of * marksman. She has put a bullet through many a squirrel's head at a hundred yards, and day-light through many a red-skin *twice* that distance. If you can shoot *any* gun, young man, you can shoot 'Old Bess!'"

"Very well, then," replied Mr. Clay, "put up your mark! put up your mark!"

The target was placed at about the distance of eighty yards, when, with all the coolness and steadiness of an old experienced marksman, he drew "Old Bess" to his shoulder, and fired. The bullet pierced the target near the centre.

"Oh, that's a chance-shot! a chance-shot!" exclaimed several of his political opponents; "he might shoot all day, and not hit the mark again. Let him try it over!—let him try it over!"

"No, no," retorted Mr. Clay, "*beat that*, and *then* I will!"

As no one seemed disposed to make the attempt, it was considered that he had given satisfactory proof of being, as he said, "the best shot in the county;" and this unimportant incident gained him the vote of every hunter and marksman in the assembly, which was composed principally of that class of persons, as well as the support of the same throughout the county. Mr. Clay was frequently heard to say: "I had never before fired a rifle, and have not since!"

PICKING THE FLINT.

Another instance is doubtless more familiar to the reader; but having "spoken of guns," it may not be amiss to quote it here:

During an exalted political canvass, Mr. Clay met an old hunter, who had previously been his devoted friend, but who now opposed him, on the ground of the "Compensation Bill."

"Have you a good rifle, my friend," asked Mr. Clay.

"Yes," said the hunter.

"Does it ever flash in the pan?" continued Mr. Clay.

"It never did but once in the world," said the hunter, exultingly.

"Well, what did you do with it? You didn't throw it away, did you?"

"No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down the game."

"Have *I* ever 'flashed,'" continued Mr. Clay, "except on the 'Compensation Bill?'"

"No, I can't say that you ever did."

"Well, will you throw *me* away?" said Mr. Clay.

"No, no!" responded the huntsman, touched on the right point; "no; *I'll pick the flint, and try you again!*"

And ever afterward he was the unwavering friend of Mr. Clay.

THE IRISH BARBER.

From the same authority we derive another election anecdote, which Mr. Clay was wont to mention to his friends. In a political canvass in Kentucky, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Pope, a one-arm man, were candidates for the same office. An Irish barber, residing at Lexington, had always given Mr. Clay his vote, and on all occasions, when he was a candidate for office, electioneered warmly for him. He was "Irish all over," and was frequently in "scrapes," from which Mr. Clay generally succeeded in rescuing him. Somebody, just before the election took place, "came the evil eye" over him; for when asked who he was going to vote for, he replied, "I mane to vote for the man who can't put more nor *one hand* into the threasury!"

A few days after the election, the barber met Mr. Clay in Lexington, and approaching him, began to cry, saying that he had wronged him, and repeated his ingratitude. "My wife," said he, "got round me, blubbering, and tould me that I was *too bad*, to desert, like a base spalpeen, me ould frind. 'Niver's the time,' says she, 'when you got in jail or in any bad fix, *niver's* the time he didn't come and help you out. Och! bad luck to ye for not giving him your vote!'" Mr. Clay never failed to gain his vote afterward.

THE MAGPIE.

An anecdote is related of Mr. Clay, aptly illustrating his ability to encounter opposition, in whatever manner presented. A Senator from Connecticut had endeavored to inspire the younger members of the Senate with a respect for him, nearly allied to awe; and to this end was accustomed to use toward them harsh and haughty language, but especially to make an ostentatious display of his attainments, and his supposed superior knowledge of the subject under discussion. Mr. Clay could ill brook his insolent looks and language, and haughty, overbearing manner, and took occasion in his speech to hit them off, which he did by quoting Peter Pindar's Magpie,

"Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone!"

"It would be difficult," says the biographer who relates this circumstance, "to say which was the greater, the merriment which this sally caused, or the chagrin of the satirized Senator."

RANDOLPH AND CLAY.

At one time, Mr. Randolph, in a strain of most scorching irony, had indulged in some personal taunts toward Mr. Clay, commiserating his ignorance and limited education, to whom Mr. Clay, thus replied:

"Sir, the gentleman from Virginia was pleased to say, that in one point at least he coincided with me—in an humble estimate of my philological acquirements. Sir, I know my deficiencies. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate from my father. I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence. I feel my defects; but, so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may without presumption say, they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I may deplore my inability to furnish to the gentleman a better specimen of powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say my regret is not greater than the disappointment of this committee, as to the strength of his argument."

THE DUEL.

The particulars of the duel between Mr. Randolph and Mr. Clay may be unknown to some of our readers. The eccentric descendant of Pocahontas appeared on the ground in a huge morning gown. This garment constituted such a vast circumference that the "locality of the swarthy Senator," was at least a matter of very vague conjecture. The parties exchanged shots, and the ball of Mr. Clay hit the centre of the visible object, but Mr. Randolph was not there! The latter had fired in the air, and immediately after the exchange of shots he walked up to Mr. Clay, parted the folds of his gown, pointed to the hole where the bullet of the former had pierced his coat, and, in the shrillest tones of his piercing voice, exclaimed, "Mr. Clay, you owe me a coat—you owe me a coat!" to which Mr. Clay replied, in a voice of slow and solemn emphasis, at the same time pointing directly at Mr. Randolph's heart, "Mr. Randolph, I thank God that I am no *deeper* in your debt!"

THE LAST ILLNESS.

"On Monday, the 1st of March last, at about one o'clock, at the National Hotel, Washington, having sent in my name, Mr. Clay kindly admitted me to his room. I found it darkened by heavy closed curtains, and the sufferer seated in an easy-chair at the remote end, near a [illegible]. I approached him rapidly, and, taking his extended soft hand and attenuated fingers, said, 'My dear sir, I am most honored and gratified by this privilege of being again permitted to renew to you, personally, the expression of my unabated attachment and reverence.'

"'But, my dear sir,' he playfully answered, 'you have a very cold hand to convey those sentiments to an invalid such as I am. Come, draw up a chair, and sit near me; I am compelled to use my voice but little, and very carefully.'

"Doing as he desired, I expressed my deep regret that he was still confined to a sick room, and added, that I hoped the return of Spring, and the early recurrence of warm weather would mitigate his more urgent symptoms, and enable him again to visit the Senate Chamber.

"'Sir,' said he, 'those are the kind wishes of a friend, but that hope does not commend itself to my judgment. You may remember that last year I visited the Havanna, in the expectation that its remarkably genial and mild climate would benefit me—but I found no relief; thence to New Orleans, a favorite resort of mine, with no better result. I even became impatient for the return of Autumn, thinking that possibly its clear bracing atmosphere at Ashland might lessen my distressing cough; but, sir, the Havanna, New Orleans, and Ashland, have all failed to bring me any perceptible benefit.'

"'May I ask, my dear sir, what part of the twenty-four hours are you most comfortable?'

"'Fortunately, sir, *very* fortunately—I should add, *mercifully*—during the night. Then, I am singularly placid and composed: I am very wakeful, and during the earlier part of it my thoughts take a wide range, but I lie most tranquilly, without any sensation of weariness, or nervous excitement, and toward day fall into a quiet and undisturbed sleep; this continues to a late hour in the morning, when I rise and breakfast about ten o'clock. Subsequently my cough for an hour or two, is very exhausting. After one o'clock, and during the evening, I am tolerably free of it, and during this period, I see a few of my close personal friends. And thus passes the twenty-four hours.'

"'I was grieved to learn, through the public prints, that Mrs. Clay has been ill; may I hope that she is better?'

"'She has been sick; indeed, at one time, I was much alarmed at her situation; but I thank God, (*with deep emotion*,) she is quite recovered.'

"'I almost expected the gratification of meeting your son James and his wife here.'

"'No, sir; [illegible] remember that I once told you that he had made a very fortunate investment in the suburbs of St. Louis. This property has become valuable, and requires his attention and management: he has removed thither with his family. It's a long way off, and I would not have them make a Winter journey here; beside, I have every comfort and attention that a sick man can require. My apartments, as you perceive, are far removed from the noise and bustle of the house; and I am surrounded by warm and anxious friends, ever seeking to anticipate my wishes.'

"During this brief conversation—in which we were quite alone—Mr. Clay had several paroxysms of coughing. Once he arose and walked across the room to a spittoon. The most careful use of his voice seemed greatly and constantly to irritate his lungs. I could not prolong the interview, though thoroughly impressed with the belief—since mournfully verified—that it would be the last.

"I rose, took my leave, invoking God's blessing on him; and, as in the presence of Royalty, bowed myself out of the room backward.

"On rising from his seat, as above remarked, he stood as erect and commanding as ever; and while sitting in close proximity to him, his burning eye fixed intently upon me, it seemed as if rays of light were emitted from each. This phenomenon is not unusual in consumptive patients, the extraordinary brilliancy of the eye being often remarked; but in Mr. Clay's case it was so intense as to make me almost nervous, partaking as it did of the supernatural.

"I have thus given you the arrangement, and very nearly the precise words,* of this my last interview with one of the greatest men of the age. It was altogether a scene to be remembered—a sick room, with the thoughts of a nation daily directed to it! It is full of pathos, and approaches the sublime."

* They were reduced to writing immediately afterward.

☞ IMPROVEMENT NOT DESIRABLE.—Wedderburn asked Sheridan how he had got rid of his Irish brogue, as he wished to get rid of his Scotch accent. "My dear fellow," said Sheridan, "don't attempt such a thing; the House listens to you now, because they don't understand you; if you become intelligible, they will be able to take your measure."


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.


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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"TO THE BELLE OF MEMPHIS." It would be more gallant in the poet to present his verses personally.

"SUBSCRIBER." Probably by "fidues saints" is meant "the elect."

"M. W." CALEDONIA. Your verses need much revision, being crude and inharmonious.

## THE NEW MILITARY BILL.

The bill now pending in Congress, providing for the increase of the army by the draft of new regiments, is singularly economical, and we rather think, short-sighted in some of its provisions. It proposes to station the troops on the California land-route for the protection of emigration. And not only are they required to give this protection, keeping guard against myriads of Camanches, and rendering military aid to travelers; but they are to make the roads, build the houses, till the ground, raise corn and cattle, dig canals, etc., besides doing the officer's "chores," running errands, grooming horses, mending their own breeches, and washing and pipe-claying the regimental uniforms. Apparently, therefore, our Frontier Army of Defence—at least the privates—will hold no *sinecure*, and idleness, which is said to be the "root of evil," will not interfere with their agricultural operations.

Now, a proper economy on the part of a Republican Government, is praiseworthy, and not to be despised. But to save expense by this "penny-wise and pound foolish" policy, is far from being creditable. What decent man will enlist to be a laborer, on soldier's pay, in a wilderness, exposed to hardship, disease, and massacre? What permanent good can result from a military agricultural colony, forced to raise its own supplies, and cut off from relief? The history of all such attempts is the same. Desertion, death, sickness, have decimated the forces, and the anticipated "economy" has resulted in ruinous sacrifices.

But there is also another view of the case. Our Western emigrants seek locations, subsistence, and a market. How much better would it be, then, to post our military stations as we have always done, pay the soldiers liberally, and encourage emigrants to settle around the forts in order to supply the wants of the garrison. By this means, we should plant permanent colonies, attracted not only by the protection afforded through the soldiers, but likewise by the profits to be realized in the sale of their corn and other products to the Government for military use. Then let the War Department provide teachers in the forts, both for the soldiers and the emigrants. Let it encourage emulation, and give the chance of promotion. Let it, in one word, organize, what Austria has done on the borders of Turkey, a military and colonial cordon, defending the country, while at the same time it settles and builds up civil and social institutions founded on independent labor and intelligent progress. This, we dare prophecy, will effect more good, and realize more money to the country, than all we can "economize" by military drudgery.

The fact is, all such legislation, whereby a few dollars are sought to be saved by making Government operatives do double-work, to the exclusion of citizens from the same fields of industry, is, in result, too much like the competition of convict against free labor; and the agriculturists of the West, when they understand the thing, will not, we fancy, thank their representatives for supporting it. They will find the "economy" so much talked of, illustrated by the anecdote of an English tradesman, who, in reading to his wife from a newspaper, a short time since, stumbled over the word. "Economy," said the lady, "I've heard that word often. What does it mean, Joy?" "Mean, my lass," said the husband, scratching his whiskers, and looking as though he had been suddenly puzzled: "why, let me see; suppose I was to make thee have water porridge and treacle to thy breakfast in a morning, instead of buttered toast and coffee, why that would be economy." "Well, then," replied the wife, "if that be economy, I want to hear no more about it."

## INCREASE OF SALARIES.

In regard to the project of increasing our foreign Ministers' salaries, heretofore noticed in the Post, a cotemporary relates that when John Quincy Adams was our Minister in England, he studiously avoided all the "show and circumstance" usually attendant on such official trusts. On one occasion there was a cavalcade or procession in which all the foreign ministers were invited to join. The French, Russian, Spanish and other European Ministers, appeared to vie with each other in the splendor of their equipages and the number of their lacqueys. Finally came John Quincy Adams, in a neat, plain carriage, attended only by a single servant. The multitude, hitherto silent spectators of what they had so often witnessed, now broke forth in a prolonged shout, and ten thousand hats flew into the air. This shows how much the "dignity" of our Ambassadors is in danger of being compromised by republican plainness.

## A NEW CURE FOR SYNCOPE.

We have heard various methods of restoration in cases of fainting fits, recommended by physicians and others, but the "wax candle cure" is a little ahead of other remedies. The Editor of the Sunday Courier is entitled to a diploma for the discovery:—

We heard, a day or two since, of a most remarkable recovery of the senses in a very peculiar manner from a very peculiar cause. A lady while sitting in her drawing-room, surrounded by her husband and a party of friends, was suddenly attacked with a fit. She was laid upon the floor, and all was bustle and excitement. "Run for the doctor," cried one; "Bring me a basin of water," shrieked another. "Apply ice to her head," urged a third. "Bleed her," cried an Allopathist. "Put her in a bath," advised a Hydropathist, and amidst the confusion of tongues, the party were startled by the invalid screaming out—

"*Take that candle from off the carpet!*"

A wax candle had injudiciously been placed upon the floor, and at the first opening of her eyes, she perceived the danger of her beautiful carpet, by which means she was restored to herself at once.

## THE AMERICAN WORLD'S FAIR.

We learn that about eighty packages of articles and goods lately on Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, are now in the Bonded Warehouse in New York, intended for the American Exhibition. They consist of statuary, vases, porcelain, candelabras, musical instruments, etc. The Turkish Ambassador has informed the agent, Mr. C. Buschek, of London, that the Sultan will send a government steamer, with contributions of Ottoman industry, direct to New York.

## WEATHERING IT.

The hot weather has been the theme of half our exchanges during the last week; but editors are a philosophic set, and so manage to make paragraphs even out of caloric. The Springfield Republican says:

"Yesterday was hot. Fat women felt fussy, and fanned furiously. Lean women leaned languidly on lounges, or lolled lazily like lilies on a lake. Shabby, slipshod sisters sat silently and sadly sweating in the shade, while soiled and soaking shirt-collars and sticky shirts stuck to such sapheads as stirred in the sun. Babies bawled busily, and bit bobbins and bodkins till bed time. Literary gentlemen who undertook a heavy task of alliteration became exhausted in the middle of a weather paragraph, and gave it up for a cooler day. Yesterday was hot."

The heat, however, begets charity. The New York Courier's stay-at-home editor, heard an old fruit woman in Fulton Market, ejaculating, "Oh, Lor', how I do pity the poor editors in the country, who haven't got no sea-breeze to cool 'em!" And the benevolent old soul, as she wiped the streaming perspiration from her broad blazing face, took a long pull through the nostrils, of a breeze that came rushing up from the fish-market. In the book market, at present, we have little of interest. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" has been re-printed in England, where it is selling rapidly. A Southern critic, in the Raleigh (N. C.) *Review*, says of the authoress:

"She may be sincere in her professed sympathies for the suffering slave, but she has shown herself too much the slave of morbid and distempered feeling, to be trusted with the nice balance in which the rights and wrongs of mankind are expected to be weighed."

Of Hawthorne's new book, "Blithedale," many opinions are given, but it is generally thought inferior to his previous ones. An able article in the *Carpet Bag*, closes as follows:

"On the whole, we cannot think that this work will add much to Hawthorne's already great and well-deserved reputation. He has bowed the knee to Old Fogyism, and to it he must look for his reward. He ridicules the aspirations of the people, and, indeed, the spectacle of such a kid-gloved socialist as he paints himself, is ridiculous and despicable to his heart's content. He falls foul of the spiritual rappings, and does himself no credit by the attack. In short, we like the book, and do not like it. We think it admirable in parts, and false and deleterious as a whole. Every body will read it, and few will think as much or as seriously as we have thought of it. It is the privilege of the novelist to give poison in gilded pills; it is the duty of the critic to set the public on their guard."

A good story of a patriotic cockney is told in Jerdan's new book of reminiscences. After Bonaparte's fall, when peace was established, the British administration prints chanticleered in an ecstacy of glee; and even towards the close of the war, their rejoicings, and those of the people in general, were unbounded. After the victory of Vittoria, gained by Wellington, there was no end to the fetes and festivals; and one in particular is spoken of by Mr. Jerdan, a grand festival in Vauxhall Gardens. "The illuminated V's and W's were very brilliant; and the jest was made of one cockney asking another what the letters meant, and receiving for answer, '*Vy, the V's stand for Vellington, and the W's for Wictory, to be sure.*'"

There is little news of interest; politics engross public attention. We hear, however, the Japanese Expedition will soon be under weigh, and perhaps its exploits will stir up the excitement-market somewhat. "What in thunder," said a political wiseacre, "do we want of foreign *Japan*, when we can make it here at hum? What's to become of American industry? *Pretty* soon, gover'ment 'il tell us we shan't *kile* our own *ile*!" Talking of *ile*, we think the following story about Dutch collars, which we find in an exchange, will do without stretching:—

The prevailing fashion for high standing shirt collars, little less stiff than parchment, reminds us frequently of the queer name the article goes by in German, and the story of the way in which the name originated. The Germans, so we read in a book of good authority, call these standing collars, "father murderers!" It appears that many years ago it was the height of fashion at one of the German universities for the students to wear standing collars as stiff as boards, as high as nature and the wearer's ears would allow, and projecting in front of the face by two inches at least, and with very sharp points. On the first vacation after the fashion was introduced, one of the students hurried home to see his father. He arrived at the castle gates—one of those inaccessible, uncomfortable affairs on the highly rocky eminences on that river, the Rhine—the warder blew his bugle; down came the portcullis; in rushed the student; out rushed the old Baron, his father; they fell into each other's arms, and then the old man fell to the ground dying and bloody. In pressing his son affectionately to his bosom, his bare neck came in contact with the young student's shirt collar points, and the old gentleman's throat was cut as if by a couple of razors.

It is hard to laugh at even a good thing in *such* weather—but, as an excuse for laziness, we will simply cite the case of one John Hole, spoken of by an exchange, who, in writing his name, simply used the letter J and then punched a hole through the paper.

## LOSS OF THE HENRY CLAY.

A terrible catastrophe has occurred on the Hudson River, through the criminal recklessness of those in command of the Steamboat Henry Clay, in racing with an opposition boat. Fifty human beings were cut off suddenly from life, to gratify the foolish pride or miserable cupidity of speculators, and families in all parts of the country mourn the loss of victims to what was as much murder as half the deeds which receive capital punishment. The facts (we condense from the various accounts) are as follows:

The steamers Henry Clay and Armenia left Albany at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning, for New York, the latter a little ahead, each crowded with passengers,—the former having between four and five hundred on board. It is stated that the boats commenced racing from the start—the boats belonging of course, to rival lines. All the landings were missed, in the eagerness of the race, until Hudson was reached. Here the Armenia made the landing first, and the Henry Clay was obliged to wait until her rival's departure, before she could get to the dock. The Armenia, of course, again got the start, taking the west channel of the river. Her competitor followed on the east side of the river—channels being separated for some distance by a grassy flat. When the boats reached the lower end of this flat, they were about abreast of each other, each striving to make the next landing (Kingston, we should suppose it to be, from the description,) ahead of the other. The Armenia, it will be seen, was nearest the shore on which Kingston is situated. The Clay, however, crowded her so hard that they came into collision, and ran side by side for some distance, the wheel-house of the Armenia, sustaining, meantime, considerable damage.

The passengers became justly alarmed, for many ladies had fainted with apprehension, and numbers were entreating to have the fires slackened, and the hazardous race given up. Four gentlemen went to the persons who were in command, stating the consternation of the ladies, and remonstrating against the fearful risk to which the passengers were being subjected, and begging that the race should cease. At this time, the heat in the vicinity of the engine and boiler rooms was so great, that it had become almost impossible to pass from one end of the vessel to the other. Remonstrances, however, were useless—the reply was, "no danger," and the race went on.

As may be supposed, the feelings of those on board—a large majority of them ladies, many of whom were without protectors—had by this time become so excited, that few were prepared to act with presence of mind in the dread emergency in which they were soon to be plunged. At about a quarter before 3 o'clock, just after passing the village of Yonkers, the thrilling cry of "Fire!" resounded from the centre of the vessel. A glance towards the engine-room showed a column of smoke pouring up from one of the hatches. Almost simultaneously, the flames leaped from the hold near the boiler rooms; and in less than one minute the entire vicinity of the machinery was enveloped in flames, cutting off all communication between forward and aft.

Panic and confusion now assumed the reins. The realization of the gloomy forebodings of the morning seemed to be at hand. Men, women and children, were thrown into an alarming state of confusion. Ladies were calling upon their husbands for succor; mothers clasped their children to their bosoms, with the energy of despair, as they retreated from the rapidly spreading destruction. Husbands who were on the forward deck strove in vain to reach their partners, left but a moment before in the after saloon. Groans, cries, shrieks, imprecations and prayers, were mingled in mournful chorus. From the instant that the fire was discovered, despair seemed to settle upon the hearts of a large portion of the passengers, and shut out from view altogether the hope calculated to induce self-possession and effectual efforts for safety.

A cry for "the boats" was raised, but there was no boats to be had; no effective apparatus to extinguish the fire; no buckets. The wheel-houses were in flames; the engineers driven from their posts; and the wind swept the suffocating blaze aft, where some 300 passengers were collected. In the meantime, the despairing shrieks for help seemed to be redoubled. It was instinctively seen that, as the steamer would strike the shore bow on, there being no communication from aft to forward, even the approach to the river's bank gave but little hope to the helpless women and children who were astern. And there they stood—the young and the old—battling, inch by inch, with the flame, suffering a thousand deaths in the terrible struggle for life, until the vessel struck, leaving those who were aft some 250 or 300 feet from the shore.

The place where the steamer struck, is on the river bank two and a half miles below Yonkers. No boats were to be had there of any description. The Armenia bore rapidly down, and sent out her boats, as also did a number of sailing vessels which were near; but at least a quarter of an hour elapsed after the Clay struck, ere any assistance came. In the meantime, the panic-stricken unfortunates had nearly all been forced over the stern into the water.

The New York Herald gives the statement of Mr. Polhemus, Pilot of the Armenia:

About three o'clock in the afternoon, our boat was some four miles astern of the Henry Clay, when I saw a smoke ascending, apparently from the head of the boiler. It soon increased, and shortly a dense smoke arose. I then felt satisfied that the boat was on fire, and made down for her as quickly as possible. We were not racing with the Henry Clay. I observed that the pilot of the burning boat had placed her head in shore; and before we arrived, the Henry Clay was run ashore. The sight, as we approached the boat, which was then burning in a furious manner, was dreadful to behold. The afterpart of the boat was covered with human beings, and a great number were immersed in the water, clinging to the guards of the boat, in frightful despair, expecting every moment to be driven off by the flames into the water. We stopped our boat, lowered a small boat, and sent her off to the relief of the sufferers. A number were taken from the wreck in that way. Peter Bishop, a deck hand of the Armenia, acted very courageously. On seeing a man struggling in the water, who had sunk twice, Bishop sprang from the small boat, swam to the relief of the drowning man, whom he seized by the neck, and conveyed him to the shore. His life was thus saved.

An incident worthy of note occurred at the time of the panic. A gallant young man, named Edwards, who was on the taffrail, aft, observing a young lady in great danger from the fire, exclaimed, "Will you go with me into the water, and run the risk of being drowned, or will you be burned to death?" The female accepted the noble offer, and both were saved.

The Tribune adds the following:—

One of the saddest, yet most lovely pictures of this scene of death, was the body of a beautiful little girl, about two years old, with the face of a cherub, lying on a rough plank, smiling in the cold embrace of death. Her body had not been recognized; she was dressed in light pink, her short sleeves looped up with coral beads, with gold clasps, on which were the initials J. B. M. H. A more angelic picture we never beheld.

A few minutes after the boat struck the bank, when assistance from all in reach was required, a boat was rowed from a sloop in the river by two fiends, in the shape of men, who had no sooner reached the wreck, than, instead of saving fellow-beings, they commenced plundering and stealing the valuables of the passengers, then gasping for life. The gardener and coachman of Mr. Russell Smith, who happened to be near the shore, witnessed the outrage, and managed to get on board of the boat. On gaining her, they threw the heartless scoundrels from the boat, and, taking possession of her, succeeded in rescuing a considerable number of the distressed passengers.

Among those known to have been lost, was the sister of Hawthorne, the Novelist, a most accomplished lady, returning from the Springs, being an invalid.

Mr. Downing, the horticulturist, was also lost, he was on his way to Newport.

THE DEAD.—No accurate statement of the number who perished can now be given. No list of passengers was taken by the clerk; and of course many of those who lost their lives cannot be known until their bodies are recovered.

By the arrival of the midnight trains on the Hudson River Railroad, we learn the following additional particulars of the calamity:—As the tide went out, the forward part of the wreck was left high and dry, and a large body of men were employed in searching the stern of the vessel, and also the river with grapples, for others, who doubtless fell victims to the dreadful disaster. When the train left the place where the steamer lies, there had been *twenty-four* dead bodies recovered, many of which had not been recognized. The Coroner of the county was present. By his direction, the remains of the dead were placed side by side, in charge of a watch of fifty men, who were to remain with them until morning. The grapples were to be kept in use during the whole night. Ere this reaches our readers, probably several other bodies will have been recovered.

It is said that the crews of several sloops, in the vicinity of the Henry Clay, came on shore and rifled the trunks that were saved, and even robbed the bodies of all the valuables that were about them.

We learn that the fire was caused by the excessive heat of the boilers, causing the canvass covering them to ignite, and before the flames could be subdued, spread over the boat.

NEW YORK, July 29.—The surviving male passengers of the steamer Henry Clay, held a meeting this morning, at the Astor House, when a committee of investigation was appointed, and resolutions passed, strongly condemning the captains of both the boats.

The fact that they were racing was fully proved, and it is said the furnaces were fed with tar and pitch. Report also says that the Henry Clay was on fire a short time since, under similar circumstances.

NEW YORK, July 29, 10, P. M.—Thus far, 52 dead bodies have been recovered from the wreck of the Henry Clay. Many others are known to have been lost. There is intense indignation here.

Now, in view of this, the latest and most flagitious instance of reckless steamboat murder, what is to be done? Are the circumstance to be [illegible] over with a [illegible] newspaper [illegible], and the "censure" of a coroner's inquest? Is the "accident" to be forgotten in a few months, and the public lulled into apathy, until another murderous fire or explosion startles it again into excitement? Or shall we not rather *agitate* the question *now*, asking if the lives of human beings are to be at the mercy of speculators, and demanding an answer by jury-trial? Who is to be the next victim? Will it be a member of your family, reader, or ours, or our dearest friends? Where is the evil to stop? It is the duty of the press and the legislature to speak and act in this matter, and demand that the lives of the murdered victims of steamboat racing be accounted for by those who caused their destruction.

Mr. P. P. Wells, a passenger, in concluding a letter to the "*Tribune*," says:—"*There was no small boat belonging to the Henry Clay* mixed in this scene, to the best of my knowledge and belief. My means for knowing if there had been I have stated. The remark has sometimes been made that human life is 'trifled with' by men of steamboats and railroads. But let no man say this of the owners or officers of the Henry Clay. They have not trifled with the lives of their fellow-men. They have *taken them wantonly and wickedly*; and thus to take life is not a 'trifle.'"

PERSONS SAVED.

Miss Austin, Brooklyn; Freeman Barnum, St. Louis, Mo; Prof. Jocelyn W Bailey, West Point; Master Jacob Bailey, do; Miss Lucy Briggs, North Carolina; Henry Bergh, New York City; James Brewster; two Misses Brewsters; Capt. C W Batchelor, Pittsburg; Mrs Batchelor, do; Batchelor's servant girl, do; Stacy B Barcroft, Philadelphia Pa; Samuel M Beck, New York; Capt Geo F Barnard, 370 Broadway N Y; Charles Chadborn, Baltimore Md; Miss H Clements, North Carolina; G R Clements, do; John C Carpenter, Philadelphia; James Craig, do; John G Costar, 54 Wall Street New York City; Edward Cooper, Memphis Tenn; S W D Cook, Cincinnati Ohio; Mrs Abraham Crist, Monroe Place Brooklyn; Miss [illegible], do; Stoddard H Colby, Montpelier Vt; George [illegible] Connor, 65 Pearl Street Albany; Francis Carpenter, of Webster Mass; John Charillon, 181 Cherry Street N Y; E R Colgate, Philadelphia; Mary Dermot, Fishkill; Capt S Dean, Pittsburg; Mrs Dean, do; Miss Dean, do; Isaac Dayton, 319 W 24th St N Y; Miss Doty, Rochester N Y; Mrs A J Downing, Newburg N Y; George P Edwards, Yonkers, N Y; A Foreman, Norfolk, Va; N Foreman, do; Mrs. Froix, Schenectady, N Y; Froix's daughter 4 years old; S Farrow, Montreal Canada; David George, Philadelphia; A H Gough, of New York; Miss Ann Gough, of New York; G W Grier, Philadelphia; John H Gourlie, 26 W 17th street N Y; Jacob [illegible], Troy N Y; Mr L S Haskell, of Laurel Hill; J; J R Harris, Bellows Falls Vermont; James Henry, Baltimore Md; Charles Howard, Hudson N Y; Wm A Irvin, Pittsburg Pa; Wm R Irvin, do; Jacob Jewett, Poughkeepsie N Y; Mrs Jewett, do; Elizabeth Jessup, Newburg, N Y; Mrs Johnson, Norwich Conn; Mrs Johnson, do; James L Jessup, clerk of the boat, Newburgh; James H Kelly, 125 Navy Street Brooklyn; Henry Lawrence, 718 Broadway N Y; Miss Fanny Ledyard, New London Conn; G Ledyard, do; James H Longbottom, 32 Gold Street Brooklyn; Mr Livermore, [illegible] Brooklyn; Mrs H Livingston, 43 Sidney Place; Miss Livingston, do; Mr Merrill, Philadelphia Pa; Mrs Merrill, do; Louis Myers, Fishkill; J G Martin, Norfolk Va; G W Manning, Pittsburg Pa; Mrs Manning, do; J Y Mills, Columbus, Ohio; [illegible]witt Miller, Hudson N Y; Adam Murray, Chicago; J W Mullen, Pittsburg Pa; Mrs Mullen, do; Isaac McDaniels, Rutland Vt; James M McGregor, 170 Forsyth Street N Y; L Minturn, New York City; Angus B Osburn, Rock Island Ill; Lucy R Osborn do; W Ostrander, 256 W 18th St N Y; N F Monson of Massachusetts; E S Phillips, New York; Joseph Pierce, Cambridge Mass; Thomas A Phelps, [illegible]ville; Thomas H Phelps, do; Miss Phelps, do; Willis B Prescott, Holmesville La; Mrs Prescott, do; W Prescott, Alexandria La; E O Perrine Tenn; Mrs Owen, Pennell, New Hanover Co N C; Mr [illegible], pilot of the Clay; Miss Mary Rhodes, Brooklyn; Thomas B Ridder, 198 Prince St N Y; Mrs R[illegible], do; Master Ray, Cincinnati Ohio; Theodore R[illegible], court or Butler Street Brooklyn; Lucius Robinson, New York City; Mrs T Romeyn; Miss Romeyn; J Randolph, Iberville La; Pierson A Spaining, Cincinnati Ohio; John Steele, Albany N Y; James Smith Jr, New York; S H Shoemaker, Philadelphia Pa; Miss L J Staunton, North Carolina; A Shepherd, [illegible]ville Ohio; Mrs D Tilton, Tilton N Y; John L Thompson, Lancaster Pa; Capt Tallman, of the H[illegible], New York; Thompson, child and servant, do; Thompson, 289 Henry St New York; Miss M [illegible] Tucker, Milledgeville Ga; Miss Veryland, Poughkeepsie N Y; Mr Van Dyck, Philadelphia, Pa; Mrs Van Dyck, do; Mrs Woodward, do; Miss Anna Wilson, Norfolk Va; Miss M Wilson, do; John W Whiting, New Orleans La; Mrs Whiting, do; Mr Way, Wellsville Ohio; Mrs Way, do; Dr Parkhurst; P Wells, 81 Clinton Street Brooklyn; W R Williams, Bellows Falls Vt; Jacob Zimmerman, engineer; [illegible], young man, Babylon L I.

LIST OF THE DEAD.

The following list comprises all the bodies, as far as we can make it out. There are many more passengers, known to have been on board, missing. Other bodies have been found, which are not recognized:

Mrs Emily Bartlett, Poughkeepsie; Eliza C Barcroft, Philadelphia, aged 40; Mrs Maria Bailey, West Point, 40; Miss Maria W Bailey, West Point, 16; Mrs Harriet E Colby, Montpelier, Vt, 32; Miss Mary Cooper, West Farms; Mrs Margaret Chatillon, N Y; Helena Chatillon, 1; Catrina Chatillon, 3; Martha Crannell, child, N Y; A J Downing, Newburg, 37; Mrs A Nencell, Wilmington, N C; Mrs Annie Hill, Eliza A Smith, Philadelphia; Miss Hawthorne, Mass; Miss Adeline Holmes, No 90 Allen Street, N Y; Miss Elizabeth Hillman, Troy, 68; John H Hosier, NY, 18; Mrs Julia Hoy, Newburg, 18; J B M Hanford, N Y, 17 months; Christopher B Hill, colored, N Y, 19; Charlotte Johnson, Poughkeepsie, colored; George K Marcher, N Y, 38; Mrs Jane Murray, Chicago, 30; John (her son), 12 months; Elizabeth Pearsall, East Brooklyn, 15; William M Ray, Cincinnati, Ohio; Abby Ann Ray, his wife; Caroline Ray, their child; Phebe Jordan, of Fordanville, Ulster County; Mrs Mary Ann Robinson, N Y; Miss Isabella Robinson, N Y; Mrs Schatelas, N Y, 25; J J Speed, an eminent lawyer, of Baltimore, 55; J J Shoemaker, Ulster County; John R Simons, child, N Y; E A Sandes, child, N Y; Elizabeth Shankey, N Y; George Theiman, Poughkeepsie; Mary Thompson, Lancaster, Pa, 10; Eugene Thompson, Lancaster, Pa, 8 weeks; Mary, their nurse; Ellmore Thompson's child, N Y; George F Whitlock, N Y; Miss Cornelia Whitlock, N Y; Miss Wadsworth, North Carolina; Stephen Allen, N Y; Abraham Crist, the well-known lawyer, Brooklyn; Miss C Dewint, Fishkill; Mrs Joanna Hanford, N Y; two Misses Kingsley, West Point; the mother of G K Marcher, 57; Mrs McDaniel, Rutland, Vt; Mrs Ostrander, N Y; Mrs Sarah Dennison, West Farms; Mrs Schatelas, two children, 1 and 3; Mason Seal, N Y, 16; Isaac D Sands, N Y; Isaac Sherman, N Y; Mrs Simons, N Y; Mrs Thompson, Lancaster, Pa; Mrs Truax and child; Catharine Wetmore, N Y; Betty Williams, Poughkeepsie, colored; Elizabeth McAnally, of Ireland, living in N Y.

MISSING.

Mrs Allen, New York; Mrs Barlow, Fishkill, N Y; Addison W Brown, Fishkill; Mrs Brown, do; Brown's mother; Brown's sister-in-law; Brown's five children; Mr Cooper, of New York, father of the above; Mrs John P Dervint, Fishkill, N Y; Mrs Cyrus W Hanford, 20th street, N Y; Misses Kinsley—two—of West Point; Miss Elizabeth Ledyard, New London, Conn; Mrs Isaac McDaniels, Rutland, Vt; Miss Moore, Memphis, Tenn; Mrs Neville Fishkill; Isaac Sherman, of New York; Miss Elizabeth Shankey, servant of Mrs Simon; Mason Seals, 86 West 22nd street, New York; Mr Towle, West Point; Mrs M F C Truax, aged 51, and Miss Henrietta Truax, wife and daughter of Peter Truax, of Brooklyn, N Y.

The Tribune, of Monday, thinks the number lost will probably reach 100.

WOODEN CORNICES.—In the present rage for constructing immense shelving eaves and cornices on stone and brick buildings, it is well to inquire as to the policy of such erections. The Boston Atlas, in noticing the custom, quotes the language of a correspondent who visited the scene of the late conflagration at Montreal, which is as follows:

"I walked over the ruins, until I came to the spot where once stood the Bishop's Church and Palace, in all their architectural beauty and grandeur. I gazed upon the dilapidated walls and broken columns with feelings of astonishment. And who would not be astonished at such an exhibition, especially when it is clearly seen how the fire commenced the work of destruction upon these noble buildings. They were built of hewn stone, and the roofs handsomely tinned. They were almost fire proof, and would have been quite so, at least so far as this conflagration was concerned, if the builders had used a little more tin. But no! the eaves, troughs and cornices were made of wood—and could they have done any thing better to make the fire take easily? The flakes of fire fell upon the tinned roofs, and slid down to the eaves, where sufficient combustible matter was found to ignite and destroy the buildings."

## TELEGRAPHIC.

The steamship Ohio, from Aspinwall City, has arrived at New York; bringing 300,000 in gold dust, but no news of importance from California.

NEW YORK, AUG. 2.—The Floating Derrick is still in operation at the wreck of the Henry Clay, raising the machinery. Several bodies are ascertained to be below the wheel-buckets.

SAFETY OF CAPTAIN MARCY.—*Louisville, Kentucky, August* 2.—An *extra* from the "Little Rock (Arkansas) Whig," has been received here, saying that an express had arrived at Fort Smith, on the 25th, from Fort Arbuckle, bringing the cheering news that Capt. Marcy and his party were still alive, and falsifying the report of the Waco Chief, that he and his party had been murdered by the Camanche Indians. This intelligence you may rest assured is definite.

A rencontre took place at Fort Smith on the 25th, in which William L. Vann was killed by J. W. Vandozen.

# New Publications.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for August.

A good number. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston and T. B. Peterson. We find some racy matter in the Editor's Drawer:

THE MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.

"I am what the old women call 'An Odd Fish.' I do nothing, under heaven, without a motive—never. I attempt nothing unless I think there is a probability of my succeeding. I ask no favors when I think they won't be granted. I grant no favors when I think they are not deserved; and finally, I don't wait upon the girls when I think my attentions would be disagreeable. I am a matter-of-fact man—I am. I do things seriously. I once offered to attend a young lady home—I did, seriously: that is, I meant to wait on her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her; and it has ever since been an enigma to me whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm and said not a word. I bade her 'Good-Night,' and she said not a word. I met her the next day, and *I* said not a word. I met her again, and she gave a two-hours' talk. It struck me as curious. She feared I was offended, she said, and couldn't for the life of her conceive why. She begged me to explain, but didn't give me the ghost of a chance to do it. She said she hoped I wouldn't be offended; asked me to call; and it has ever since been a mystery to me whether she really wanted me to call or not.

"I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I *did*. I inquired for the lady, and was told that she was not at home. I expect she was. I went *away* thinking so. I rather think so still. I met her again. She was offended—said I had not been 'neighborly.' She reproached me for my negligence; said she thought I had been unkind. And I've ever since wondered whether she *was* sorry or not.

"A lady once said to me that she should like to be married, if she could get a good congenial husband, who would make her happy, or at least *try* to. She was not difficult to please, she said. I said, '*I* should like to get married, too, if I could get a wife that would try to make me happy.' She said, 'Umph!' and looked as if she meant what she said. She *did*. For when I asked her if she thought she could be persuaded to marry me, she said, she'd rather be excused. I excused her. I've often wondered *why* I excused her.

"A good many things of this kind have happened to me that are doubtful, wonderful, mysterious. What, then, is it that causes doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? *It is the want of fact.* This is a matter-of-fact world, and, in order to get well in it, we must deal in matter-of-fact."

THERE is a good story told, and we believe a new one—(at least, so far as we know, it is such, as the manuscript which records it is from a travelled friend, in whose "hand-of-write" it has remained long in the "Drawer")—a story of Samuel Rogers, the rich banker, and accomplished poet of "The Pleasures of Memory."

Rogers arrived at Paris at noon one day in the year 18—. He found all his countrymen prepared to attend a splendid party at Versailles. They were all loud in expressing their regrets that he could not accompany them. They were "very sorry"—but "the thing was impossible:" "full court-dresses alone were admissible;" and to obtain one *then*—why "of course it was in vain to think of it."

Rogers listened very patiently; told them to "leave him entirely to himself;" and added, that "he was sure he could find some amusement somewhere."

No sooner were they gone, than he began to dress; and within the space of a single hour he was on the road to Versailles, fully equipped, in a blue coat, white waistcoat, and drab pantaloons. At the door of the splendid mansion in which the company were assembled, his further progress was opposed by a servant whose livery was far more showy and imposing than his own costume.

Rogers affected the utmost astonishment at the interruption, and made as if he would have passed on. The servant pointed to his dress:

"It is not *comme il faut*: you can not pass in: Monsieur must retire."

"Dress! dress!" exclaimed Rogers, with well-feigned surprise: "Not pass! not enter! Why, mine is the same dress that is worn by the *General Court* at Boston!"

No sooner were the words uttered, than the doors flew open, and the obsequious valet, "booing and booing," like Sir Pertinax MacSycophant in the play, preceded the poet, and a loud voice announced:

"*Monsieur le General Court de Boston!*"

The amusement of the Americans in the group scarcely exceeded that of the new made "General" himself.

On another occasion, Rogers relates, he was announced at a Parisian party as "Monsieur le Mort," by a lackey, who had mistaken him for "Tom Moore."

Not unlike an old New Yorker, who was announced from his card as

"*Monsieur le Kaque en Bow!*"

His simple name was Quackenbos!

WHEN the oxy-hydrogen microscope was first exhibited in Edinburgh, a poor woman, whose riches could never retard her ascent to the kingdom above, took her seat in the lecture-room where the wonders of the instruments were shown, and which were, for the first time, to meet her sight. A piece of lace was magnified into a salmon-net; a flea was metamorphosed into an elephant; and other the like marvels were performed before the eyes of the venerable dame, who sat in silent astonishment staring open-mouthed at the disk. But when, at length, a milliner's needle was transformed into a poplar-tree, and confronted her with its huge eye, she could "hold in" no longer.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "a camel could get through *that*! There's some hope for the rich folk yet!"

LEGAL tautology and unnecessary formulas have often been made the theme of ridicule and satire; but we suspect that it is somewhat unusual to find a simple "*levy*" made with such elaborate formalities, or, more properly, "solemnities," as in the following instance:

The Dogberryan official laid his execution very formally upon a saddle; and said:

"*Saddle*, I level upon you, in the name of the State!"

"*Bridle*, I level upon you, in the name of the State!"

Then, turning to a pair of martingales, the real name of which he did not know, he said:

"Little forked piece of leather, I level on you, in the name of the State!"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes! Saddle, and Bridle, and little forked piece of leather, I now *take* you upon this execution, and summon you to be and appear at my sale-ground, on Saturday, the tenth of this present month, to be executed according to law. Herein, fail not, or you will be proceeded against for contempt of the constable!"

Is not the following anecdote of the late King of the French not only somewhat characteristic, but indicative of a superior mind?

Lord Brougham was dining with the King in the unceremonious manner in which he was wont to delight to withdraw himself from the trammels of state, and the conversation was carried on entirely as if between two equals.—His Majesty (*inter alia*) remarked:

"I am the only sovereign now in Europe fit to fill a throne."

Lord Brougham, somewhat staggered by this piece of egotism, muttered out some trite compliments upon the great talent for government which his royal entertainer had always displayed, &c., when the King burst into a fit of laughter, and exclaimed:

"No, no; *that* ain't what I mean; but kings are at such a discount in our days, that there is no knowing what may happen; and I am the only monarch who has cleaned his own boots—and I can do it again!"

His own reverses followed so soon after, that the "exiled Majesty of France" must have remembered this conversation.

SERIALS.

THE PENNSYLVANIA JOURNAL OF PRISON DISCIPLINE AND PHILANTHROPY. A Quarterly, published under the direction of "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons," is out for the present season. Published by E. C. & J. Biddle.

THE WESTERN MEDICAL NEWS, AND CANCER JOURNAL. Edited by Drs. R. S. and O. E. Newton. The first number of the new series is just issued at Cincinnati.

FIFTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA. Session of 1852–53. From this Report, it appears that the practice of Homœopathy is extending greatly. The matriculants of the College for this year number 96. It will be recollected that the first course of instruction commenced in 1848, with a class of fifteen students only.

Part 21, LONDON LABOR AND THE LONDON POOR, by Henry Mayhew, has been issued by Harper & Brothers, and is for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. The same house have received No. 25 of the PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE FUNERAL OF MIRABEAU. A Poem: by JOHN WILFORD OVERALL. Mobile: Strickland & Benjamin.

The best verses in this ballad are the description of Mirabeau.

"With shaggy hair and wild dark eyes,
And jutting, ponderous brow,
With lips compressed, and ill at rest,
He looms before me now!
With towering form and rapid step
He passed the gazing herd,
And in the tribune stood a king
Ere spoke his lips a word."

And that of the procession—

"How dimly wheel the grim defiles,
How dimly, yet how grand,
As some gigantic army wheels
Adown the Shadow Land!
How float dirge-melodies along,
How pale the dauntless's light,
How like some halt and creeping thing
The hearse steals on to-night!"

WOMAN IN ALL AGES AND NATIONS. A Complete and Authentic History of the Manners and Customs, Character and Condition of the Female Sex, in Civilized and Savage Countries, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. By THOMAS L. NICHOLS, M. D. With a Preface by STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

There is a great amount of matter relative to the female sex contained in this book; personal anecdotes, notices of costumes, manners and customs, and graphic descriptions of women in all ages and countries make up a melange, apart from the scientific deductions which the author seeks to draw. We think, however, that much of the matter is such as might as well have remained uncollected.

MYSTERIES; or, GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL. Containing accounts of the Salem Witchcraft, Cock-Lane Ghost, Rochester Rappings, Stratford Mysteries, Oracles, Astrology, Dreams, Demons, Ghosts, Spectres, &c., &c. By CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

These Glimpses of the Supernatural are a compendium of occult manifestations and spiritual intercourse, true or false, as developed at different periods, and to the lovers of the mysterious, and believers in spirit-craft, they will doubtless prove very interesting. The book explains away many marvels, while at the same time it enters into a fair disquisition of the whole subject of supernatural phenomena.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS. Published by Robert E. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia.

This very interesting and valuable pictorial work has reached its fourth serial issue. It has already embraced portraits and biographic sketches of WASHINGTON, MARTHA WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, HANCOCK, CHARLES CARROLL, WINFIELD SCOTT, ANTHONY WAYNE, COMMODORE MACDONOUGH, and other distinguished men of our country. The steel engraving portraits are of marked artistic merit, and fine likenesses, according to our best means of judging. A work like this should be in the library of every family. It is to be completed in forty twenty-five cent numbers, which will comprise several large volumes for ten dollars.

MEMOIRS OF ELLEN MAY WOODWARD. By the Rev. GEORGE D. MILES, A. M. Second Edition. With a Preface. By the Rt. Rev. ALONZO POTTER, D. D., LL.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is a new edition of a very edifying biography of a young lady who met a sudden death by drowning in Wilkesbarre, in 1850. The introduction says,—"She was one of Christ's lambs, committed to the care of the pastor of the flock, and her story is told to lead others into the same fold."

LIFE IN THE SOUTH. By C. H. WILEY, of North Carolina.

This book, with the sub-title of "A Companion to Uncle Tom's Cabin," is published by T. B. Peterson. It is illustrated with fourteen engravings, and gives a narrative of scenes purporting to illustrate a Southern life about the time of the American Revolution.

MENTAL ALCHEMY. A Treatise on the Mind, Nervous System, Psychology, Magnetism, Mesmerism and Diseases. In Twelve Chapters. By B. BROWN WILLIAMS, M. D. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

This is an elaborate treatise upon magnetism and its belongings, in which a praiseworthy spirit of inquiry is presented, and some interesting results eliminated.

THE FUTURE OF NATIONS. A Lecture. By LOUIS KOSSUTH, Governor of Hungary. Revised and Corrected by the Author.

Fowlers & Wells have published in neat pamphlet form this Lecture by Kossuth, delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, for the benefit of his exiled family.

# Clippings.

☞ Uneasy and ambitious gentility is always spurious. The garment which one has long worn never sits uncomfortable.

☞ "Think wrong, and welcome," said Lessing, "but think," and that maxim is the corner-stone of greatness.

☞ A poor emaciated Irishman having called a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a large mustard plaster, and immediately clapped it on the poor fellow's lean breast. Pat, who, with a tearful eye, looked down on it, said, "Dochter, it strikes me it's a dale of mustard for so little mate."

☞ The city of Santander has presented to General Concha a magnificent sword of honor, for his conduct during the Lopez excitement. On the hilt of the weapon is the inscription—"City of Santander, to Don Jose de la Concha, Captain-General of Cuba, in 1851."

☞ Those are ever the most ready to do justice to others, who feel that the world has done justice to them.

☞ An Eastport paper mentions that a sea captain of that port, who recently returned from a short voyage, on seeing the names of "Pierce and King," on a flag waving over Leavitt's building, exclaimed to his companion—"Halloo!—*Pierce and King—they must be some new folks that have moved in since I've been gone!*"

☞ ANOTHER MORMON MIRACLE.—A few days since, at Newport, Wales, while a convocation of Mormons was in session, the roof of the building fell in. Singular enough no lives were lost. The Mormons attribute their escape to a miracle.

☞ A hen fancier lately procured a picture of a favorite fowl, which was so natural that it *laid on his table* for several weeks.

☞ "A few weeks ago," says an English paper, "a man sold his wife to a farmer for ten pounds. As the seller could not get the money, he would not deliver up his wife. She became out of patience, and told her husband she would not be 'fooled' about any longer, and that she would go home with the buyer, as she liked him the best. She then packed up her clothes, and followed her purchaser to his house, whither she was escorted by a train of boys beating tin kettles."

☞ "Philura, dear," said a loving husband to his loyal spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the West?"

"Oh, I'm delighted with the idea. You recollect when Morgan moved out there, he was as poor as we are, and he died in three years worth $100,000."

☞ An Irishman being arraigned for having five wives, said—"Och, he was only thrying to get a good one."

☞ A Western reporter gives the following description of a conflagration: "The devastating element, unsatisfied with floods of water, belched forth its crimson tints, and spread the fiery flag of devastation over entire squares, unchecked by the superhuman exertions of the firemen, who seemed like lost spirits in the halls of pandemonium, as they flocked around the terrific spectacle."

☞ During the recent elections in Great Britain, one of the candidates for Edinburgh called upon a tradesman to solicit his vote. "I would rather vote for the devil than for you," was the reply. "But in case *your friend* should not come forward," said the candidate, "might I then count upon your assistance?"

☞ To love in order to be loved in return, is *man*; but to love for the pure sake of loving, is almost the characteristic of an *angel*.—*Lamartine.*

☞ A FALSE SENTIMENT.—There is nothing in this world so sweet as love—and next to love, the sweetest thing is hate.—*Longfellow.*

☞ The Irishman who wrote to his friend informing him of the devoted attention of his young wife during his sickness, couldn't hide a national tendency to waggery, as he wound up—

"Ah, Dennis my boy, I'm more than ever convinced of the truth of the poet's remark, that the whole war-rld is nothing to a man, if his wife be a widow."

☞ A city miss newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know though where he keeps his plough, but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard—couldn't you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

☞ "Father, it tells here about illuminated MSS. What were they lighted with?"

The father hesitated, and when the question was repeated, answered desperately, "With the light of other days, my son!"

☞ Sir William Hamilton, whom the *Athenæum* regards as "a colossus among European thinkers," has published a series of essays, three of which have the following extraordinary titles: "Philosophy of the Unconditioned," "Cousin's Infinito-Absolute," "Conditions of the Thinkable Systematised." The *Athenæum* very truly observes that "these are not phrases that we expect to see going loose about general society."

☞ An Irishman who had commenced building a wall around a lot of uncommon dimensions, viz.: four feet high and six feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs, my honey; don't you see that if it ever falls down, it will be thicker than it is now!"

☞ Jenny Lind has concluded to quit the world of song and turn *authoress*! At last accounts, a cotemporary says, she was preparing a small edition of "*Goldschmidt's Animated Nature!*"

☞ Letters from Rome state that the Pope is threatened with dropsy, and that the state of his health gives great uneasiness to his physicians. Hitherto, every effort has been made to conceal his danger from the public. It is said, that in the event of his disease proving fatal, he will be succeeded by Cardinal Wiseman.

☞ LIBERTY.—An angel till we gain her, and a woman afterwards.

[The following lines, which we find in a foreign periodical, have had a singular career. Two or three years since, we saw them in a Western newspaper, credited to Horace Greeley—a short time since they were set to music, and published as the production of a Mr. Crouch, somewhere "Down-East," and now we find them with the name of Charles Mackay attached. We think it but justice now, that the original author, DUGANNE, should have his name prefixed.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

"Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, striving, day by day,
Journeying painfully and slowly,
On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown;
Shrink not, fear not—LIVE THEM DOWN!

"Though to Vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to Virtue thou may'st kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not Slander—
Jibe and its thy soul must feel—
Jest of witling—curse of clown—
Heed not either—LIVE THEM DOWN!

"Hate may wield her scourges horrid,
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead—
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through cross shall come the crown!
Fear not foemen!—LIVE THEM DOWN!"

# General News.

FROM THE RIO GRANDE.—We have received the Brownsville papers to the 10th ult. The American Flag publishes the following abstract of a correspondence between Mr. Waddell, United States Consul at Matamoros, and Gen. Avalos:

The letter from Mr. Waddell relates to the recent firing into the steamer Camanche, and other depredations, which the Consul assures Gen. Avalos he is credibly informed had been committed by persons owing allegiance to the Mexican nation, and with the approval, if not the actual authorization of the military authority. He asks information in the premises intimating that such depredations may lead to serious results between the two Governments.

To this Gen. Avalos replies, by stating that he has been informed that the firing into the steamer Camanche was caused by the officers of that boat having killed a "white cow," belonging to one Trevino; and that when Trevino presented himself for payment he was insulted and abused. He maintains that, as the boat had stopped at the Mexican bank to take the property of a Mexican citizen, by force, they had a right to fire into her, and treat her as a pirate, in consequence.

With respect to the depredations committed at Campacuas, Agua Negra, San Rosario, and divers other places, as also the firing from the Mexican bank upon a party of American citizens sent from Brownsville to bury their murdered countrymen, he positively denies all knowledge, and intimates the possibility of their having been committed by straggling bands of Fillibusters, under the name of Mexican subjects.

The Flag and the Rio Bravo both consider the letter of Gen. Avalos as a piece of duplicity from the beginning to end. The latter says that the story about the cow is a fabrication, and says that it will publish affidavits in its next issue, which will show that it is so.

CALIFORNIA.—EXPULSION OF THE FOREIGNERS FROM MARIPOSA.—The Stockton Journal gives the following account of difficulties between the foreign and American Miners in Mariposa county:—

A number of foreigners, principally Mexican, who have been settled for some time at a place called Mariposita, on the Mariposa, had turned the stream and found good diggings, possession of which was claimed by a body of Americans, who denied the right of foreigners to work them. The latter, to the number of three or four hundred, headed by a few Frenchmen, resolved upon defending their claims.

The Americans immediately sent out runners, and some two hundred armed men collected, when the foreigners deemed it prudent to retire, leaving their claims and improvements in possession of the Americans. At one time it was thought there would be much blood shed, but the report is that only one shot was fired. Some twenty-five or thirty foreigners were arrested, but what disposition had been made of them we have not heard. The Americans, not satisfied with having driven the Spaniards and Frenchmen from Mariposita, organized a scouting party, and rode through the county, ordering all foreigners off within 24 hours.

It is stated in the San Francisco papers that the Americans had allowed the French miners until the 4th of July to decide whether they would leave Mariposa county. The inference is that if they did not peaceably depart by that time, force would be resorted to.

GERMAN RIOT.—NEWTOWN, Ohio, July 27.—Quite an excitement has been produced in this community, growing out of the arrest of a number of Germans for selling liquor on Sunday, contrary to a municipal law. One of those arrested having been heavily fined, considerable ill-feeling was manifested by him and his friends toward those who had been the informers. Subsequently, in revenge, a number of depredations were perpetrated on these citizens, supposed to have been committed by the German who was fined. A town meeting of citizens was held immediately, and all the Germans ordered to quit the place, which they refusing to do, a riot ensued, which for a time threatened to prove very disastrous. The authorities, however, succeeded in quelling the disturbance, at least for the time. The Germans of the surrounding towns are taking sides with their countrymen in the city, and some 200 of them have held an indignation meeting in consequence of having been fined for desecrating the Sabbath by gambling, singing through the streets, &c. They passed resolutions disclaiming all religions and laws, and declaring that every man has the right to do as he pleases in this free country. Also stating that they preferred their national flag above every other. This movement, it is proper to say, is opposed by many of the naturalized German citizens. Another meeting is to be held.

ACAPULCO.—Mr. Rice, the U. S. Consul at Acapulco, had been called to the City of Mexico by the American Minister, for the purpose of an explanation. After going some distance on the journey, the authorities at Acapulco sent an express to re-arrest him, whom he was brought back. Nearly all the destitute passengers at Acapulco had been enabled to leave before the express started.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.—This expedition has been detained much beyond the time designed, by the failure of the government contractor to complete the new machinery of one of the steam vessels far beyond the day prescribed. All told there will be but six vessels, and these six will carry only 90 guns.

THE HON. Daniel Webster has communicated to the Boston Courier a copy of a despatch from Mr. Everett, while Minister to England, under date of April, 1845, in which he informed Mr Buchanan, then Secretary of State, that the British Government formerly relinquished all right to fishing in the Bay of Fundy.

# The Markets.

## PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, July 31, 1852.

REMARKS—Trade has been very quiet during the past week, and there are but few changes to notice in prices. The weather has been clear and pleasant, excepting on Monday last, when out-of door operations were mostly suspended in consequence of the rain.—In Breadstuffs the transactions have been quite moderate. Prices of Flour and Meal are unchanged, but for new Wheat lower rates have been accepted. There has been a good demand for Cotton, and prices have advanced. In Groceries the transactions have been quite limited. Provisions of all descriptions are held firmly, and the stocks are materially reduced. In Seeds there has been but little doing. Wool is in good demand at full rates. There is no new feature to present in the Money market. Capital continues abundant, and good paper is readily done at low rates, while signatures not so well known are difficult to negotiate at comparatively high figures. Exchange on England rules at 110a110¼.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been to a moderate extent, but the market has been very quiet. The sales for export comprise 3,000 bbls at $4 for Western and Pennsylvania, recently ground; $4,12½a4,25 for strictly fresh ground, and $4,25a4,75 for extra. The sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers have been limited, within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour is scarce and in demand at $3,62½. Corn Meal is held firmly, but the demand has been limited; sales of 150 bbls Pennsylvania at about $3,25 per bbl, including some at a trifle less.

GRAIN—The receipts of new Wheat have materially increased during the past week, and prices are lower. The sales amount to 20,000 bushels at 92a98c for good new, 102a95c for new white, and 96a98 for prime old red, and $1,04a1,05 per bushel for prime old Pennsylvania white. Rye is not so much inquired after; small sales at 80c. Corn has been in good demand at a further advance, and about 12,000 bushels Southern yellow sold at 64a67c, afloat. Oats are in fair demand; sales of 6,000 bushels old Pennsylvania from store at 47c, and new Southern at 38a42c per bushel, afloat.

PROVISIONS—Pork is held higher, but the sales have mostly been confined to 1a200 bbls at $20 per bbl for Mess; and $18 for Prime. City packed Mess Beef is held at $18a19. Bacon is in fair request, and the stock is small. Sales of Hams at 11a12c; Sides 10½a11, and Shoulders at 9a9½c per lb. Lard is now inquired after, and prices are firm. Sales of bbls at 11¼ cts, and kegs at 12c per lb. Butter and Cheese remain without change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been more business doing, both among the Jobbing and Commission Houses, and a number of Western and Southern merchants have commenced purchasing their Fall supplies. Prices are firm for most descriptions of Cottons and Woollens.

BARK—Sales of 60 hhds No 1 Quercitron Bark at $25,50 per ton. Tanners' Bark is steady.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce. Small sales of good Yellow at 26a26½c per lb.

COTTON—There has been an active demand for Cotton during the past week, and with trifling receipts, and a reduced stock, holders have been enabled to realize an advance. The sales comprise about 3,400 bales at 10a11½c per lb for Upland, and 10a13 cts for New Orleans.

The following is a comparative statement of the imports, stock and consumption of Cotton at Liverpool, from January 1st to July 9th, 1852, and same time in 1851:

| | All kinds. Bales. | American. Bales. |
|---|---|---|
| Imports, 1852, | 1,277,628 | 1,217,095 |
| " 1851, | 1,039,316 | 903,151 |
| Increase, | 279,312 | 312,944 |
| Stock, 1852, | 657,856 | 541,939 |
| " 1851, | 696,180 | 516,356 |
| Decrease, | 38,330 Inc. | 25,579 |
| Consumption, 1852, | 1,024,780 | 816,898 |
| " 1851, | 770,610 | 587,540 |
| Increase, | 254,170 | 229,358 |

The receipts of Cotton are almost nominal, which accounts for the daily strengthening of the market though the demand is slack.

| | 1852. | 1851. |
|---|---|---|
| Receipts at all the ports since 1st Sept. are bales | 2,987,492 | 2,306,975 |
| Exports | 2,383,098 | 1,819,530 |
| Shipments from Southern to Northern ports from 1st Sept. | 930,996 | 639,711 |
| Stock at all the ports | 109,373 | 176,234 |
| Stock on hand in New York | 57,594 | 49,628 |
| Stock on hand at New Orleans | 22,503 | 49,831 |
| Stock on hand in the interior | 12,304 | 64,318 |

The stock at New Orleans is astonishingly reduced.

CANDLES—The demand is limited. Sperm and Tallow at our former quotations. Sales of 400 boxes Adamantine at 20c per lb, on time.

COAL—There is no new feature to present in the market. Supplies are coming freely both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh Mines, and large shipments are making both from Richmond and Bristol. Prices are unchanged. Allegheny Bituminous Coal is lower. Several cargoes sold at 17½a17½c per bushel.

COFFEE—There has been more doing. A cargo of 3,190 bags Maracaibo sold at about 9½c, and 2,700 bags Rio at 9¼a9½c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Is held firmly. We quote English Sheathing at 24c, and Yellow Metal at 18a19c per lb, 6 mos.

DRUGS AND DYES—A cargo of Logwood sold on terms not made public. Sales of Soda Ash at 2¼a2½c, and Prussiate of Potash at 33c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS are dull; small sales of good and prime Western at 37½a38c per lb.

FRUIT—There have been no arrivals of foreign fruit, and the sales are confined to retail lots from store, without change in prices.

FISH—Mackerel are held firmly at the late advance, and the stock is materially reduced. Sales of No 1 from store at $11,75a12; and large No 3 at $6,50a7 per bbl. The market is bare of No 2's and small No 3's. Herring are dull at $3,50 per bbl.

GINSENG—Crude continues scarce. A small sale at 45c per lb, cash.

GUANO—Is in limited request, and the sales have been only in small lots at our last quotations.

HEMP—The market has been very quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—An import of Maracaibo has arrived, which have not yet been disposed of.

HOPS—Are but little inquired after. Small sales of first sort at 30a32c per lb.

INDIGO—No sales have been reported this week.

IRON—The market is very quiet, and only a few hundred tons have been disposed of at $20a21 per ton, 6 mos for No 1, and $19a20 for No 2. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron and Blooms remain without change.

LEAD—Is dull and no sales have been reported.

LEATHER—The demand has been limited, as usual at this season of the year, but prices are steadily maintained.

LUMBER—Prices remain without change. Sales of Laths at $1,62½a1,75 per M, and Yellow Pine Boards at $13a14 per M feet.

There were shipped by Lehigh Canal for the week ending 17th inst.

| | |
|---|---|
| | Feet 2,022,954 |
| Previously | 24,891,961 |
| Total this year | 26,914,915 |

MOLASSES—The receipts have been very small, and the market is quiet. Sales of 100 hhds Cuba at about 19½c, on time, and 500 hhds before arrival on terms kept private.

NAVAL STORES—In Rosin, Tar and Pitch there is no change to notice. Spirits of Turpentine is rather lower; sales of 2a300 bbls at 41a42c.

OILS—There have been a moderate demand for Fish Oils at steady prices. Sales of Sperm at $1,20a1,20, and Bleached Whale at 81a85c per gallon. In Lard Oil no change. Linseed Oil sells in lots at 69a72c.

PLASTER—Is steady. An import of Soft sold at $2,50 per ton.

RICE—Is in limited request. Sales in lots at 3¼a3½ cts per lb, cash and on time.

SALT—Two imports of Liverpool Ground and Fine Salt have been disposed of on terms kept private, and a cargo of Turks Island at about 19c.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is scarce. A small lot of old sold at $4,56¼ per 64 lbs. Prime quality is held at $5. Timothy ranges from $1,75 to 2,50 per bushel. 500 bushels Red Top sold at $1,87½. In Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have been reported.

SPIRITS—In Brandy and Gin but little doing, and prices remain without change. N. E. Rum is steady at 26a27c. Whiskey is in good demand. Sales of bbls at 23c. Hhds command the same price.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet during the past week, and the receipts small; prices are unchanged; sales of 150 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 5a6½ cts, and New Orleans at 5c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—But little coming in; sales of Rendered at 8½a9c per lb.

TEAS—The sales have been limited, without change in prices.

TOBACCO—The market has been quiet, and the sales of Manufactured have been limited, without change in prices. Sales of 100 hhds common Kentucky at 4½a5c per lb.

WINES—The sales have been unimportant, without change in prices.

WOOL—The receipts from the West have increased, but there is a good demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 150,000 lbs at 35 up to 37½c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull; 1s per bbl is the current rate for Flour; 3½d per bushel for Grain, and 3-16d per lb for Cotton. Colliers are in good demand at $1,50a1,62½ per ton to Boston; $1,70 to Rhode Island, and 90a95c to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 2.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,200 head. Beef on are selling from $7,00 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 400 head in market, and sold from $7,50 to 8,00 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $22 to 45. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,50 to 4,00; the latter from $2 to 3,50, according to quality.

☞ SOMETHING NEW.—Last Saturday afternoon, in the Boston Museum, a young lady and gentleman were looking at the picture of Washington's Family, in the gallery.

Young Lady.—"Who are those persons?" referring to the ones on the picture.

Young Gentleman.—"Those are Washington's children."

Young Lady.—"But Washington had no children."

Young Gentleman.—"Well, perhaps they are his grand-children."

"Very probable," responded the young lady, as she potentially drew her beau from the picture.

☞ Punch, who has some thoughts about money, says:—"I am assured by the poetess, that there is a 'silver lining to every cloud.' As I do not live in the clouds, I cannot say; but I only wish there was a silver lining to every purse."

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.


## OUR NOVELETS.

We commence, this week, a new novelet by Mrs. Southworth, entitled—

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REPENTANCE.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Simon-Kenton," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter, interspersed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the Eastern periodicals, together with the Cream of News, Wit, Humor, Literature, Science, Art, Comic and Genre Engravings, &c., &c.—including at no remarkable expense to head to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

# From Washington.

## CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

### SENATE.

On the 26th, the Senate met at the usual hour.

The Chair laid before the Senate a communication from the Department of the Interior, transmitting, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, a list of the names of a number of volunteer surveyors relative to the business of the Montana Surveying Contractors.

After debate, the subject was referred to a Select Committee of five members.

Mr. Gwin presented a memorial from certain citizens of San Francisco, praying compensation for certain claims of the city against the United States, during the Mexican war. Referred to the Committee on Claims.

Mr. Hunter moved, on behalf of Mr. Dawson, who had charge of the Deficiency Bill for the relief of the sufferers by the Georgia, being compensation for certain claims of the State of Georgia, which were paid to the service of the United States, during the Seminole War, that the Senate take up the bill, that Mr. Dawson must necessarily be absent after to-day.

Mr. Clayton objected to consideration.

The bill was then considered, read three times, and was passed, by a vote of 29 yeas to 15 nays.

The Senate next took up Mr. Weller's resolution, in order to its consideration, which was adopted, as against Mr. Bartlett, the Commissioner to run the line between California and Oregon.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, in defence of Mr. Bartlett, and had only remained one change, when he yielded the floor, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 27th, Mr. Sebastian introduced a bill regulating the mission of the United States Courts in Arkansas.

Mr. Gwin offered a resolution, requesting the President to inform the Senate in what manner we are informed, if we are now employed in carrying the duties and operations of the customs, and of single vessels, and of the Collectors of Customs, and of the Marine hospitals.

Mr. Hunter said the resolution had better lie on the table one day.

Mr. Jones, of Iowa, offered a resolution, calling for the correspondence relative to the purchase of the arrears of the Sac Council Agreement, against Portland.

Mr. Crittenden, according to notice, asked leave to the expediency of including California, Texas, Iowa, Florida, and the Territory of Utah in the Judicial Circuits. Adopted.

Mr. Hunter offered a resolution, which was agreed to, requesting the President to transmit copies of correspondence with Mr. Forsyth, relative to the Mexican boundary line.

Mr. Sumner offered a resolution, directing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to repeal the Act of Nations, 1818, 1819, and 1820, to the Senate.

The bill making Allen, Illinois, a port of entry, was taken up and ordered to be engrossed.

The bill making appropriations for the construction at the Mouth of the Rouge, Detroit River, in Michigan, was taken up.

Mr. Bell moved to amend the bill for this bill, by the same amount appropriated for the donation of the property.

After some discussion the bill was negatived.

The "coupon" then took up Mr. Hunter's resolution, relative to the appointment of Commissioners and Commissioner, and ——— (Mr. Hunter), after which the subject was ——— "war taken up by Mr. Bell, and after some discussion, was ———

On the 28th, Mr. Hamlin reported a resolution ——— during that the present session of the Senate, the proceedings on Mr. Clay's death be bound, as other ——— ordered.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the House Bill making appropriations for the construction at the Mouth of the Rouge, Detroit River, in Michigan, and was taken up.

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# Selected Poetry.

## VERDICT...."FOUND DEAD."

### THE SURGEON'S TALE.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

"Turn on a dark December evening;
Load the blast, and bitter cold:
Downwards come the whirling weaver;
Deep and black the river rolled:
Not a day the tempest,
Not a beggar upon his hole:
Wail our ride, cold and dark darkness,
Sweep through every desert street.

Muffled to the teeth, the evening
I was trudging in the river,
Through pavilions lone and hungry alley;
Suddenly, across the Ferry
Passed from out a gloomy doorway,
And with trembling scroll, it said—
"Is the left-hand copy I guess?
You will find 'a woman'—dead.

"Never stopped a finer creature,
When she was a simple maid;
But she did the many otherwise,
Loved a man, and was betrayed.
I have seen her in her carriage,
Riding, clamorous in her hair;
And I've seen her starving (starving,
Do you hear?) and now—she's there!"

Up the worn and slippery stair
With a shuddering point I sprang:
Famine, Filth, and mean Despair
Kissed about the darkness hung.
No kind stranger met our glances,
Friends were all those of the poor;
So the coury room I entered,
And knelt down upon the floor!

There, on the rough and naked boards,
A long, gaunt, wasted figure lay;
Matched by cruth by Penury,
All its beauty—ravished clay.
Life's grim tragedy had left her nothing,
Clothes nor food—food nor bed—
Nothing,—save some ragged letters
Whereon lay the ghastly head.

"Nothing!"—yet what must could Pity
Crave, for one silent as she,
That crown her from one on the worshipped
(Sweet, though every word a lie!)
In the morning of her glamour,
In the midnight of her pain,
They were rich, as wealth, her mother,
Tenement—by, and not in vain.

And with her they now lie mouldering,
And a thorn is over
Twitch where (to mid the story)
Lovers come almost down alone.
Mourn not; for at length she sleeps
The sad sleep of the dead,
Resting on her loved love-sisters,
Lost, At pillow for her head.

Above my pen's a pyrotechnic appearance is some of the daily newspapers, giving an account of an insane idea of the body of a young woman "found dead" in some obscure street or lane in London. The body was described as frightfully emaciated, and half clothed, and in a poor garret, which was evidently destitute of every article of furniture, necessary or luxurious, except a few ragged love letters which she had preserved through her privations. According to the evidence she had been at one time a person of considerable beauty, and had evidently died of hunger.

# Selected Articles.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S USE OF WORDS.

FROM "FRENCH ON THE STUDY OF WORDS."

NO. III.

Let me suggest some further exercises in this region of words, which I will venture to think are such that you will find profitable as ministering to the activity of your own minds, as helping to call out a like activity in those of others. And first, I would say then once more, suffer words to pass you by which at once proclaim that they owe their existence to recent inquiry, by the readiness with which ordinary folk will yield up the secret of their birth or of their use, if duly interrogated by us. Many we must all be content to leave, which will defy all efforts to dislodge them from the fort which hunger over them, but of many also it is written that earlier authors than those whom I mean can not be very far to seek. I would instance such a word as "candidate," which, as I am fain to believe familiar are the uses of all with this word, nor can it be said to be strange to us at other times. Now does it not at once heaven spirit to be content that this word should be in part self-centered for all that it is dead times, and we never to ask ourselves, What does it mean? Why is it that I, who am a candidate for a seat in Parliament, or otherwise offering himself to the choice of his fellows, called a candidate? If the word be in part evidently bound our reach, we might acquiesce in our ignorance here, as in much besides of like matters; but reading, as on the face of it it does, upon the Latin "candidus," it challenges inquiry, and a very little of this will suffice to put us in possession of the Roman custom out of which the word has arisen, and we learn that it—namely, that those who intended to offer themselves to the suffrage of the people for any of the great offices of the State, presented themselves bedecked in them in a white toga being called therefore "candidati," or candidates, and maintaining pertinacity. And so it no other happens that in the act of seeking information we may refer to others it upon another, we will it probably be here; for in making yourself fully aware of what this candidate is, you will hardly fail to learn the original meaning of "candidus," and whence we have obtained the word.

Or again, say one who knows no more than that "evidence" means a "word," "evidence" will be struck by the last, and if he followed it by would be led into the relation of the parts of speech to one another, that grammarians do not employ "evidence" in one sense, "evidences" have expected, to signify any word whatsoever, but restrict it to the verb above: "e'erlone" is the verb. Every how to master the "evidence" by why does the verb monopolize the dignity to being the "e" what is there in it which has given it the right to do so? Is it because the verb is the animating power, the vital principle of every sentence, and that therefore it alone is either understood or allured, no sentence can exist? Is there any other cause? I have this to you own consideration.

Again, here is "conscience," a column word, if there be such in the world. Now, how is it that one of us whom Latin will not bring him so fit as to tell him this word is from the verb "conscio." Not what does that "con" intend? "Conscience" is not merely that which I know, but that which I know with others. Now, whom the "others" to be? Is it God, to whom the "hold knows and felt in the heart; and the word "of conscience" to be bringing of mankind to acts and thoughts as a lesser, to be tried and measured by him as a greater, the word growing out of and declaring thus and duplicity of our moral being which arises from the presence of God in the soul—for thoughts by the man dard which that presence supplies, and as the result of a connection with it, "of" accruing or ensuing one another."

Once more, you call certain books "classics." They have indeed a double use for the world, for you speak of Greek and Latin as the classical languages, and the great writers in them as the "the classics" while at other times you hear of a "classical" English style, or of "English classics." Now of "classical" in connection plainly, as we all perceive, with "classic." What then what is meant in "classic," and how it arrived at this double use? "The term is drawn from the political economy of Rome. Such a man was ruled as to his income in the third class, each another in the fourth, and so on; but he was free in the highest class to be plutocratically said to be of the class," classicus"—a class-man, without adding the number, as in that case superfluous; while all other were lefts classes, or, as we should say, "classic." So the best authors were ruled as "classical," the men of the highest class; just as in English we say "men of a class" absolutely to mean men in the highest ranks of the State." The meaning naturally passed into this title, which we apply rightly to the best authors in all languages, came to be often confused to those only in two, and those two to be claimed, to the exclusion of the claims of all others, as the classical languages, to one of the most unenterprising of errors, the most widely extended, making itself fall in the

* Many school writers, as to well known, put by the "con" in their expression of "conscience," and "consciousness" because of the certainty of the most moral conviction in the word; for which view they sometimes advance the Latin "conscire," "to be not think but the bowels they are:" "conscience," in the words of Bacon, "according to the very notion of it, importing a double or joint knowledge; in wit, one of a divine law or rule, and the other of a man's own action; and so properly the application of a general law to a particular instance of practice. And Vossius (*De Theol. Gent.* B. 6.) "Est enim conscientia syllogismus, cujus major est propositio universalis enuntians quid quisque agere debeat; minor autem actio nostra; conclusio autem actionem ad normam actio nostra; conclusio autem actionem ad normam majoris propositionis, vel improbans eam." Or, in other words, "conscience is a syllogism, the major proposition of which declares what every one ought to do; the minor, our own conduct; the conclusion, our conduct according to the major proposition."—*Editor.*

† Bacon.—*Editor.*

‡ Bolelio.—*Editor.*

## LUNDY'S LANE.

The discussion of the partizan newspapers have brought to light many interesting military facts connected with the battle of Lundy's Lane—facts which, if not originally out on some fact of the outward world, vividly presenting itself to the imagination; a fact which the word has incorporated for ever, having become, as all words originally are, the instantaneous product of a thought. If I may judge from my own experience, I think there are few living persons born in your schools, who would not feel that they had gotten something worth having, had shown them that "to land" means property to keep as on the prostrate body of a foe; "to affront," to meet face to face; that "to pass over" means to run and place oneself under one like in falling, and three separate words with him," to relieve" connected with "to him," not "him," to slacken the stiffness of one's person; "to be perplexed," to be walk of one with the intention of forcibly pulling him back from the way of his enemy; that to be "astonished" means to be weighed. They would be pleased to learn that a man is called "supercilious," because haughtiness with contempt of others expresses itself by the raising of the eyebrows or "supercilium;" that "imbecile," which literally "ill-no-prop"* that "imbecile," which is now the weak, and now almost the weak-minded, means strictly (unless indeed we must reconcile this etymology), leaning upon a staff (in healthy, as one does who is lame; that is "staff" is properly white, "caution" being the partridge's cane, and that a long pole generally allowed; that "astonished" means already with the sense of "astonishment" in it, as I will not say that it is, without wax (*cera cava*), as the best and finest honey should be; that a "compassion" is one who knows we share our breast, a messmate; that "desultory," which perhaps they have learned from some school, may be in their studies, but have never attended any very definite meaning to the warning, means properly leaping as we alone do when we spring from the back of one running horse to the back of another, that "ridiculous" is laughably called a "derider;" and the word being transferred from the laughter to the ridiculed and sturdily change their sources of study.

"Trivial," again, is a word borrowed from the lips which three or four persons assembled at the point where one street bisects at right angles another, and which, however it may be worthless gossip, the idle nothings of the day; there you have the living explanation of the words "trivial," "trivium" such as one of the explanation which did not then rest itself in the vigorously pursue and which, in the long past in the schools of learning, be directed, to interfere, with the rights of their neighbors. And these "trivia," which at first applied only to those dwellers at the opposite banks of a river, came to be reversed to be most of any who were on any grounds in more or less uniformly competition with one another.

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# COL. CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

### A RACY SKETCH.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Critchleys and the Drakes. They had lived within about a mile of each other, in Illinois, for five years, and from the first of the settlements, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some unkind remarks regarding about the boundary of their respective farms revealed the latent flame, and Col. Critchley having followed a fat calf out of his enclosure, and Drake having come up to him and found old Drake and his son Bill standing by. This caused the blood of the old to the fire, and from that time there was existing the two families did not say to annoy each other.

One evening, Mr. Drake the elder, was returning home with his wife and full of turkey from Gilnage, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Brown was with him as the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, they saw before them Col. Critchley.

"What a beautiful nasty Colonel Critchley's got!" said Sam Brown.

"Hoag it!" muttered old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees, looking at the wood, and now quietly.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around him, for a guest quite the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and looked to the priming of the gun. Sam Brown saw the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his gun, and looking at the horse rather eagerly.

"Shoot," suggested Sam Barnes, who loved fun in any shape.

"Shoot my friends's do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"Why, you don't mean to—"

"Wut, Yowe's shoot this time; say nay, tell or no, but I'll be hornet to hoag—no, I'll be hoag to hornet—if I don't shoot it."

All that he uttered the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half-a-dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Mr. Drake, I believe?"

The old man stammered, in some confusion: "Why, Colonel, I—I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give a 'V' for one pistol."

"Say as 'X,' and it's a bargain!"

Drake fell for his rifle and his courage, and said:

"How much is the hoss worth?" he muttered to Sam Brown.

"About fifty."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it! Here's your money!"

The Colonel pocketed the money, muttered:

"Hanged, if I thought you'd take me up!"

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh load in his rifle, and then, as his wife began to draw a close sight as old Rose. Sam Barnes laughed. The Colonel put his hand before his face and shouted too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter bore his head to the smoke, and looked to see what was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Drake looked at him.

He raised on high the glistening blade:
"Take him!" he cried, "and die!"
Hold, madman! say the desire dead!
Or I'll plunge it in your side!

He heard me, but he heeded not:
One glance around I gave,
And on I rushed to the spot,
He had—ceased to GRAVE!

# A STORY WITH SPICE IN IT.

We remember to have heard in "Tasker Land" of a young man that had just entered into the silken bonds of matrimony. His wife, a fair, amiable young lady, was the idol of a basket of liquor; and though Tim was pleased with the joy which his wife's beautiful person alone he took care always to be "right side up" on going home. He would not have his wife think that he was a drunkard, for all the world is the universe; and yet he could not sign the total abstinence pledge, for he liked to be free to take the wine-producer of a glass of jolly fellowship when he met with a friend.

Time passed on, and presently Tim's wife was confined to her bed with a little boy. Tim was absent at the time, but returned in a short time after the event, and proceeded directly to the bedside of his wife, where he found the nurse and the baby. Tim looked at the latter, and then at the former, and said:

"Nurse, that baby is not mine!"

"Why, Mr. Smith, what do you mean?" said the nurse, astonished at the remark.

"I say that baby is not mine!" repeated Tim, with a determined look.

"Why, Mr. Smith, you must be crazy!"

"I am not crazy, nurse, but that baby is not mine!"

"Why, Mr. Smith, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I am not the father of that child!"

"Why, Mr. Smith, how can you say so? Your wife has been confined to her bed for the last two weeks, and you have been absent from home all the time!"

"I don't care for that! I say that baby is not mine!"

"Why, Mr. Smith, you must be crazy!"

"I am not crazy, nurse, but that baby is not mine